

The Notre Dame Scholastic

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY

PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

—ILLUSTRATED—

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibe Quasi Cras Moriturus

INDEX

	PAGE
David Van Wallace	<i>Frontispiece</i>
The Week	<i>George Ludwig, '25</i> 709
The Roger C. Sullivan Radio Foundation	714
Editorial	718
Retribution	<i>George Ludwig, '25</i> 720
The "Why" of Football	<i>Paul Harrington, '26</i> 721
Magic (<i>A Poem</i>)	<i>R. H., '27</i> 722
Notre Dame in 2519	<i>Roger Nolan, '26</i> 723
Contentment (<i>A poem</i>)	<i>N. S., '27</i> 723
The Conquest of the Desert	<i>Martin B. Daly, '26</i> 724
Roads of Adventure (<i>A Poem</i>)	<i>R. H., '27</i> 725
Book Leaves	<i>Thomas A. Loftus, '25</i> 726
A Liberal Education for Engineers	<i>Arthur Mitiguy, '27</i> 727
The War Dance (<i>A Poem</i>)	<i>Norman Steyskal, '27</i> 728
Sports	<i>Tom Coman</i> 729

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DAVID VAN WALLACE

The Engineers of the University dedicate this number of the "SCHOLASTIC" to David Van Wallace with the prayer that he may win in his fight.



... THE WEEK ...

"The great fault in our present University system is the over-accentuation of classes." This is not a quotation from anyone, but if some one of the old masters had only possessed the foresight necessary to make the statement, he would have been more quoted these days than wise-cracking William Frawley of Palace fame. Our otherwise-than-academic activities are well arranged, and were it not for these ever present and rather tiresome classes we could look forward to a very pleasant fourth quarter.

The Easter holiday was a success. That is one sentence which we write without fear of challenge. One has only to look about and view the general atmosphere of languor to be convinced. And, to be a really successful vacation, its post-mortem must be at least as lengthy as its life, so we have much discussion on the dance, the baseball trip, and the travels of the Glee Club.

Station WUND, the \$100,000 gift of Boetius Sullivan, is a reality and it is rumored that we will be "on the air" in the radio sense as well as otherwise for Commencement. As planned, the set will be one of the most powerful in the country.

James J. Corbett, formerly world's heavy-weight champion, appeared at the gym Tuesday evening. The man who put away John L. Sullivan proved to be as capable and entertaining out of the ring as in it. His reminiscences and wit entertained an interested audience.

Wednesday night was the second annual Universal Notre Dame Night, with alumni all over the country taking part. Father Matthew Walsh and Coach Rockne appeared

on the program of the Chicago Club's entertainment which was broadcast through station WGN. The local demonstration was taken care of by the St. Joseph Valley Alumni Association.

The Junior Prom, with Joe Kayser's orchestra furnishing the music, was undoubtedly the social happening of the week. We are not versed in the manner of writing of "colorful gowns, somber evening clothes, and strains of semi-barbaric music," but they were all there, nevertheless.

"Pan" came galloping in on satyric hoofs Thursday, with lute, poetry, youth, and everything exactly as advertised. If subscriptions were made conditional upon the good appearance of the first issue, the distribution of "Pan" is assured.

The program for Commencement has been arranged and announced. Mr. E. S. Moore of Cleveland, Ohio, will give the Commencement address. Raymond Cunningham has been chosen as valedictorian, Oscar Lavery as class orator, and Harry McGuire as class poet.

The annual quest for a bed and place to leave the books for next year was opened on Thursday by the Juniors when they met to draw numbers for their room reservations. As usual, everyone got the high numbers. The Sophomores and Freshmen will be allowed to try their luck next week.

Sports are going well, with the tennis season opening on Friday, and the baseball season on Saturday, both at home.

Yes, the fourth quarter has started excellently—except for the bothersome influence of a few classes.

Music

The Notre Dame Glee Club returned Sunday, April 19, from its annual Easter tour, after giving six formal concerts, besides making numerous appearances in schools, hospitals, and before various organizations in cities of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia. The Club gave its first concert in Cleveland Monday night, April 13, and progressed Eastward from that city.

The same program was given in each of the concerts; Dr. Browne directed only the Cleveland program, while Mr. Casasanta conducted the Club in the remaining concerts. The program was the same as that given on the campus by the organization a month or so ago, except that George Koch, the soloist, sang the solo part in Dr. Browne's "Come With Me To Romany," which part was taken by Miss Sara McCabe in the Washington Hall presentation.

By far the best number on the program was the "Volga Boat Song," which was especially well suited to the needs and resources of the Club. Other popular numbers were "Loch Lomond," with an incidental solo by John Butler; George Koch's solo number, "Duna," which, together with his encore, "Mother Machree," never failed to bring its round of applause. Another favorite with the audiences was the Club's arrangement of the old nursery rime, "Old King Cole."

Dr. Browne and Mr. Casasanta and the University have shown a large section of the country that Notre Dame can produce a singing organization of the first rank, and the success of this year's Club augurs well for the future of the organization.

—NDS—

The officers of the Glee Club are in search of a pin design that will be suitable for the emblems to be awarded the members of the Glee Club this year. This design will become permanent for succeeding years. A prize of five dollars has been offered for the best design submitted. The contest is open to any student.

The committee of judges will be composed of Pat Manion, former Glee Club president, and the present officers of the Club. The contest closes May 10. Hand in designs to Frank Howland, number 13, Sorin Sub; George Ward, number 10, Sorin Sub; or Victor Lemmer, 224 Badin.

—NDS—

The University Band gave a concert in Washington Hall a short time before the Easter vacation. The following program was presented:

PART I.

On the Square -----Panella
 Radiant Overture -----Kiefer
 My Best Girl
 All Alone.
 I Wonder What's Become of Sally.
 Overture Superba -----Dalbey

PART II.

Hike, Notre Dame -----Casasanta
 American Patrol -----Meacham
 Sally.
 Me and the Boy Friend.
 Popular Song.
 Overture to "Orpheus in the Underworld" ---
 -----Offenbach

A large number of students were in Washington Hall to hear the concert, which was the first in 1925.

A number of concerts to be held out-of-doors will be arranged during the latter part of May. These concerts will probably be given from the porch of the Main building.

PLANS FOR "LAW REVIEW" DISCUSSED

At a joint meeting of the Freshman and Junior Law students held on Wednesday afternoon, April 21, plans were discussed for the possible publishing of a *Law Review* here next year. With the admission of the Law College to the American Association of Law Schools late in 1924 the next logical thing seems to be a law magazine. The consensus of opinion was very much in favor of the idea and upon a motion the following committee was appointed to investigate the matter further:

David Stanton, chairman, Edward Duggan, A. R. Travis, William Coyne, Clarence Ruddy, and Mark Fiehrer.

BENEFACTORS OF NOTRE DAME HONORED

An event of great interest to Notre Dame took place in Michigan City on Monday, April 13, when Mrs. Howard H. Spaulding, Warden Edward J. Fogarty, and Mr. T. C. Mullen, all of that city, were admitted to the Military Order of the Knighthood of the Holy Sepulchre.

The beautiful ritual was most impressively carried out by the Right Reverend Edward Kelly, Bishop of Grand Rapids, who presided. The Mass was sung by the Reverend Dr. James A. Burns, C.S.C., while the sermon was preached by the Reverend John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., D.D., both former presidents of the University.

Mrs. Spaulding and her husband have often visited Notre Dame and are numbered among the notable benefactors of the University. Mr. Fogarty is warden of the Northern Indiana Penitentiary, and has many friends at Notre Dame as well as in South Bend. Mr. Mullen belongs to an old Michigan City family which is linked by many ties to both Notre Dame and St. Mary's.

NOTRE DAME GRADUATES WANTED

A number of colleges and high schools are seeking to employ Notre Dame graduates as instructors. Father Joseph Burke, C.S.C., Director of Studies, requests, therefore, that those members of the class of '25 intending to teach, register their names in his office at once.

KRISPINSKI WINS ART HONORS

George Krispinski, a student in the School of Fine Arts, recently won third prize in an art contest conducted by the Women's Club of South Bend. The entrants in this contest were chiefly from northwestern Indiana. Mr. Krispinski's entry, a portrait, will be exhibited in the University Library in the near future.

Jack Dillon, George Vinson, and Harry Engel of the School of Fine Arts also entered specimens of their work in the contest.

Library

The following books have been removed from the open shelves in the Reference room:

College Blue Book.
Preuss—Dictionary of Secret Societies.
Congressional Digest, Volume 2, unbound.
American Historical Association Report, 1912.
Oxford Concise Dictionary.
Barretti—Italian-English Dictionary.
Shakespeare—Twelfth Night. Variorum Edition.

Persons holding these volumes are requested to return them.

The University Library needs several issues of Volume II of the *Notre Dame Daily* to complete a set. Anyone who has any of the following issues is requested to see Mr. Byrne in the Library: Vol II, Nos. 64, 67, 73, 74, 81, 96, 101, 102, 104, 105, 106, 108, 112, 113, 117.

The following books were placed in the stacks for circulation on April 17:

Baker, Mrs. J. (T)—How Can I Increase My Vocabulary?
Baker, Mrs. J. (T)—Your Every-Day Vocabulary.
Beck, J. M.—Constitution of the United States.
Biermann, George—Florence and Her Art.
Brandeis, L. D.—Business—a Profession.
China Year Book—1924.
Chubb, Percival—Teaching of English in the Elementary and the Secondary School.
Conrad, Joseph—(The) Inheritors.
Conrad, Joseph—Nostromo.
Cook, Sir E. T.—Literary Recreations.
Depew, C. M.—Speeches and Addresses on the Threshold of Eighty.
Dupont de Nemours, P. S.—National Education in the U. S. of America.
Eaton, W. D.—Woodrow Wilson.
Graves, C. I. M.—Eve of Pascua and Other Stories.
King, Richard—With Silent Friends.
Lane, W. D.—Civil War in West Virginia.
Municipal Index—1924.
Mussolini, Benito—My Diary.
New International Encyclopaedia—Supplement. 2 v.
Pearson, E. L.—Books in Black or Red.
Russell, Ruth—What's the Matter With Ireland?
Selekman, B. M.—Employes' Representation in Coal Mines.
Selekman, B. M.—Employes' Representation in Steel Works.
Selekman, B. M.—Sharing Management with the Workers.
Ward, W. P.—Problems and Persons.

Administration

New parking space, to be opened May 1, will be furnished in the field south of the Post Office. After this date, no cars will be allowed anywhere on the campus. . . . Concrete posts with steel chains will be erected at entrances to the University grounds.

—NDS—

Eight tennis courts with a man in charge will soon be ready for playing. The courts are rebuilt and fitted throughout with the best equipment.

—NDS—

Edmund Sylvester of the Class of '17 was a recent visitor to the campus. Mr. Sylvester served in the Intelligence Department during the war, and is now sales manager for the Washburn-Crosby Company in Chicago.

—NDS—

Lester Foley, Litt. B., '24, of Jacksonville, Fla., and Miss Edith Klug, formerly of St. Mary's College, were married in the Church of the Sacred Heart last Monday morning. Rev. K. M. Healy, C. S. C., performed the ceremony.

—NDS—

Father Paray of Detroit is using the the University archives in search of material for a book on the Diocese of Detroit. . . . The bishop of Detroit has commissioned Father Paray to write this book, which will appear in 1933, the centennial of the diocese.

—NDS—

Word has been received that Thomas J. Tobin, '19, was ordained priest in the Lateran Basilica at Rome last month. His first Mass was celebrated in the crypt of the Popes, Catacombs of St. Callixtus on March 8. . . . Father Tobin, while a student of the University, was president of his class and Grand Knight of the local council of Knights of Columbus.

—NDS—

A beautifully inlaid ciborium, standing twelve inches high, has been presented to

the University by the family of William Dockman who was the victim of a tragic accident during Easter vacation last year. The gift is in the nature of a memorial for Mr. Dockman. The ciborium will be used for the first time at the High Mass next Sunday, when Communion will be distributed from it.

At the same Mass will be used the chalice given by the family of Frank Walsh, who died of mastoiditis at the University last year. Hereafter, this chalice will be kept in the chapel of the Isolation Hospital.

—NDS—

The Commencement committee has completed its work with the announcement of the speakers at the final exercises of the Class of '25. Rt. Rev. Samuel A. Stritch of Toledo will be the celebrant at the Pontifical High Mass, and Rt. Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, Bishop of Harrisburg will deliver the baccalaureate sermon. Mr. Edmond H. Moore, of Cleveland, will be the Commencement Orator.

—NDS—

Announcement is also made of the winners of the class honors. Ray Cunningham, of the school of journalism, has been named valedictorian. Harry A. McGuire will be class poet, and Oscar D. Lavery will give the class oration. All three men are graduating from the College of Arts and Letters.

PROFESSOR PHILLIPS SPEAKS TO K. OF C.

Professor Charles Phillips was the principal speaker at a special meeting of the Knights of Columbus Monday night in the council chambers. He spoke of his experiences in Russia and Poland, entitling his talk "Stable Manners."

The business of the meeting concerned plans for a Council picnic, and for a picnic of the Sorin Circle of Columbian Squires. The K. of C. Golf Tournament was discussed and decided upon. A formal dance to be given probably on May 29, was talked about and suggestions given. The idea of a cup to be awarded to the champions of the

indoor base-ball league in South Bend, was rejected in favor of a banner. The Grand Knight displayed this banner to the council.

Grand Knight McGuire and Director of Membership Bidwell asked the members to secure candidates for an initiation to be held sometime in May. Applications for membership already on file, were read and balloted upon.

CAMPUS ARTISTS ORGANIZE

A group of campus artists recently organized themselves into an organization known as "The Daubers Club." The purpose of the club is to foster and keep alive Notre Dame's interest in art. The following men were elected to offices in the new organization: Harry Engel, President; George Krispinski, Vice-President; Bob Servatius, Secretary-Treasurer. Mr. E. Thompson, head of the School of Fine Arts, was chosen as Sponsor.

DR. WALSH TO SPEAK HERE AGAIN

Dr. James J. Walsh of New York, famous scholar and lecturer, is to speak in Washington Hall next Thursday afternoon at four-thirty on "Pasteur." Advance information indicates that this lecture by Dr. Walsh will be particularly interesting and instructive. Of Pasteur it is commonly said, that, by his scientific discoveries he has saved more human lives than any other person ever born.

NOTRE DAME PLAY TO BE PRESENTED

Two playlets, written, directed and acted by students, will be presented next Wednesday and Friday evenings in Washington hall. They will be given on Wednesday evening for the approval of the student body and faculty alone and there will be no admission charge. The Friday night program will be given for the benefit of a South Bend audience and an admission price of fifty cents will be charged.

"Roommates" written by Ray Hunt, '27, and "The Old Man" written by Harry McGuire, '25, are the playlets. McGuire won third place in the National Intercollegiate

Playlet contest with this product of his pen.

For the past six weeks the casts have been rehearsing for the performances and elaborate sets have been prepared. "Roommates" is a college skit and is being directed by Hogan Morrissey of the Boy Guidance department.

"The Old Man" is a sea play and the whole plot is laid in the fore-castle of a ship at sea. This is the first attempt to produce more than one play at the same time of which students are the authors, directors and actors. Both are one act plays and are clever skits worthy of student body cooperation.

The cast of "The Old Man" follows:

The Mate	John Cavanaugh, '28
Frenchie	Clarence Ruddy, '27
Eason	John Leddy, '28
Apple	Leroy Hebbert, '27
Johnson	Harry McGuire, '25
Al the Bo'sun	Kenneth E. Power, '28
Mullen	Urban S. Hughes, Boy Guid.
Schwartz	Lester Grady, '27

The Glee Club Quartet will sing several numbers between the plays.

KANSAS CITY NIGHT HAWKS TO PLAY FOR SENIOR BALL

Coon Sanders' original Kansas City Night Hawks, who have entertained thousands through station WDAF, Kansas City, Missouri, have been selected to play at the Senior Ball, May 15, in the Palais Royal. To radio devotees this orchestra needs no introduction, but for them also, it might be added that it has been one of the most popular in Chicago during the last season; it has played in the Balloon Room, of the Congress Hotel, from which engagement it will come direct to Notre Dame.

An odd coincidence in the engagement of this orchestra is that the Night Hawks have been selected to play during the coming Summer on the Million Dollar Pier at Atlantic City, N. J. This is the second successive year that the ball orchestra has received this engagement, which is considered one of the best an orchestra may receive. Don Bestor was awarded this honor last year.

The Roger C. Sullivan Radio Foundation

In honor of the memory of his father, Roger C. Sullivan, who died five years ago, Mr. Boetius H. Sullivan, of Chicago, has announced a gift of a 5,000 kilowatt radio station to the University of Notre Dame. Mr. Sullivan has made a similar gift to the University of Illinois. The station is to cost \$100,000 and its upkeep will be provided for by a permanent endowment.

Notre Dame will thus have a radio station that will be as powerful as anything of the kind in the country. Mr. Bernhard, of the Western Electric Company, which is to construct the station, was at the University recently to inaugurate the work. The supporting towers are to be 200 ft. in height, with an antenna between the towers of 400 ft. A studio building will be constructed containing the rooms requisite for broadcasting and the housing of the apparatus. Facilities for broadcasting are to be provided in Washington Hall, the church, the gymnasium and Cartier Field and probably at one or two other points.

Lectures, sermons, public addresses, concerts, besides football and other athletic events will be broadcasted.

It is expected that the work will be completed before Commencement, and the dedication of the station will probably take place at the Commencement exercises on June 14. A fully equipped radio control station will be maintained in Chicago, from

which, by wire, addresses may be made from time to time by prominent speakers who happen to be in that city.

Roger C. Sullivan was a lifelong friend of Notre Dame. Although he had never enjoyed the advantages of a college education himself, he had a keen and generous interest in the education of youth, and was especially eager to help

young men who needed some assistance in order to go through college. In the carrying out of his educational ideas, his children established at Notre Dame, in the year 1922, three prize scholarships, of \$250.00 each, to be awarded annually to Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores.

Many of the alumni will remember the brilliant assembly in Washington Hall on the occasion of the presentation of the Sword of General Francis Meagher to the University in 1914. It was Roger C. Sullivan who presided on this historic occasion, and gave the opening address. Among the other speakers at these exercises were the late Bourke Cockran, who delivered one of his

finest orations, Senator Thomas F. Walsh of Montana, who made the Address of Presentation, and the Reverend John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., president of the University, who in an address that thrilled the great audience, accepted the Sword on behalf of the University.

Notre Dame welcomes this latest monument to the memory of Roger C. Sullivan.



ROGER C. SULLIVAN

PAN'S HERE!

Pan's here!

The first issue of *Pan, Poetry and Youth* appeared on the Campus Thursday night, "fighting like a hell-cat and loving beauty like a saint." According to its title page, that is the slogan which Vachel Lindsay, the famous Western poet, has given Notre Dame's new literary venture to play up to. And the unanimous verdict on this campus is that *Pan* is already well launched on its career of love and fighting. While the "fight" may not be quite as apparent as the "love," the note of challenge is in the new publication without mistake. The young magazine strikes a distinct chord of defiance toward those who regard youth and all its doings as plain foolish or downright evil—or both. It is evident that *Pan* feels emphatically that it has a mission, and this mission is frankly set forth in the opening editorial, "*Pan's* Here!—"to prove that there can be a point of view, even in youth; and that this point of view is an interesting and wholesome one."

It is with a good deal of what "the home town paper" calls "local pride" that THE SCHOLASTIC declares that never before has a more interesting and brilliant publication appeared at any University in America than *Pan: Poetry and Youth*." Moreover, THE SCHOLASTIC welcomes *Pan* not only as a Notre Dame achievement, but above all as one of the best pieces of Notre Dame publicity ever "pulled off." The new magazine, aiming at a national circulation, will do much to advertise this University as a centre of literary accomplishment as well as the home of football champions.

To the agreeable surprise of many who had expected *Pan* to be devoted exclusively to verse, fully half the magazine is given over to prose contributions. The most striking of these is "Soul Portraits," an absolutely new form of narrative prose. If any one has imagined that there's nothing left to be done in the way of literary invention, here is unique evidence to the contrary. The two short stories in this new form published in the initial number of *Pan* are called "Hazel Mullen, Notions Clerk" and "Lydia Fuehling, Married, Age

22," and they give an oblique revelation of character and scene that is startlingly original.

Other prose contributions to *Pan* include "Love in Tin Pan Alley," by James E. Armstrong, a clever satire on the jazz lyrics of the day; "The Triumph of the Serpent," an indictment of the Puritanical spirit by Prof. Charles Phillips; "The Angel's Advocate," a department of comment by Harry McGuire; and "*Pan* Reads," a page of literary criticism devoted to the latest books of the "Youth Movement" in literature.

The distinctive feature of the poetry in *Pan* is its variety; it runs from the most rigid classic form of lyric and sonnet to the most approved new style of "jazzy" free verse. Twenty authors are represented in a varied selection that is both brilliant and beautiful. In fact, it would be difficult to match *Pan's* program of verse even in the best of the older and established magazines. Not only are the poems striking in their scope and their originality, but they are contributed by writers in several cases already famous. It is safe to say that no college magazine in this country has ever offered such a galaxy of names. It is a tribute to the nation-wide fame of Notre Dame that the first issue of its new magazine could attract so many brilliant pens from all parts of the country. The editorial column entitled "Biographical" gives the key to this remarkable list of contributors, showing writers from East, West and Midwest, from New York City through to the Pacific Coast.

Several of the best known Notre Dame writers are represented; and it is a matter of pride to make note of how ably they hold their place among others who have already won their outside laurels. Dennis O'Neil, Edward T. Lyons, Anselm Miller, Gerald Holland, "John Lawrence" are among these; and their contributions are beautifully supplemented by a campus artist, Wilbur J. McElroy, whose title page drawing, framing the distinguished list of *Pan's* advisory council, is in itself a distinguished work of art.

Pan's here!—and his elder brother, THE SCHOLASTIC gives him not only a hearty

but an admiring welcome. The field of THE SCHOLASTIC operations is more or less restricted to the campus; but *Pan*, aiming for a national circulation, has unquestionably a mission—not only to prove that “even youth has a viewpoint,” but, as we have already said, to spread abroad the fame of Notre Dame University as a centre of literary endeavor of the highest type. The task is in good hands. The editors of *Pan* are Prof. Charles Phillips and Harry McGuire, '25; the business manager is Walter J. Haecker, '25. THE SCHOLASTIC congratulates them all, and predicts a lasting success for their efforts.

DAVID VAN WALLACE

It seems a little wonderful that a freshman engineer could make so great an impression on his friends and teachers as David Van Wallace has done; it is a greater tribute to his character than adjectives could render.

In September, 1923, Van entered the School of Engineering at Notre Dame, and took his desk in Carroll Hall. Everyone who met him in class-room, on tennis court, and in hall liked him; he never found an enemy. His teachers soon recognized his ability, though they must have marvelled at his utter lack of self-consciousness. He fitted in to Notre Dame life perfectly; and because he loved it, he found much in it that the most of us do not grasp.

After his return home for vacation, he attended a Fourth of July party at the summer home of a friend. When the guests went swimming, Van attempted a low racing dive in shallow water. While his body was in the air, he threw his head back, and from the strain his backbone seemed to collapse, the vertebrae separating in several places. He dropped helpless into the water and lay there in full realization of his paralysis, wondering whether he would be rescued in time. He would surely have drowned if his friend Jack McCarthy had not noticed something wrong and hurried to carry him to shore. During all this time

he never lost consciousness, nor did he in the subsequent history of the accident.

As he lay waiting for the ambulance to carry him to St. Joseph's Sanitarium, although he had just barely escaped death from one source and was still near it from another, he yet had heart to joke about his injury and to regret disturbing the party. The doctors gave him three days to live. That was nine months ago. On the operating table he bantered with the surgeon who was setting him in a plaster cast, referring to the wages that common plasterers received. To the amazement of the many doctors who examined him from interest in the unique nature of the case, he began slowly to improve. It was about this time that the members of the Summer School at Notre Dame began to pray fervently for his recovery. Later gangrene began to attack his feet. Again doctors limited his life to days. A piece of the true cross touched the places that were rotting, and the gangrene dried up and disappeared.

Near Thanksgiving Day he was weakened by a severe attack of the flu, which weakened him greatly. When the phlegm would rise in his throat, in his paralyzed condition he was unable to help himself. Despite the unceasing care of his parents he was often in great danger of choking to death. On one occasion his mother, busied in his room with her back to his bed, turned around to find him already blue in the face. But Van courageously surmounted the illness and again struggled toward health.

Right now he is in good condition except for the paralysis. He is still cheerful, still hopeful, and ascribing all his progress to prayer, he looks to Notre Dame for his recovery.

Notre Dame was a joy to Van, and now his great ambition is to return in the Fall. In his present plight, nothing pleases him more than a letter from a Notre Dame man, and nothing helps him more than the prayers of a Notre Dame man. The gratitude he feels for such offerings is comprehensible to us only when we imagine ourselves in his place and as alive as he is with the love of life and of Notre Dame.

—R. G. H.

UNIVERSAL NOTRE DAME NIGHT SUCCESSFUL

Universal Notre Dame night had its second annual observance last Wednesday when at least 66 meetings of Alumni were held in as many cities of the United States and the Philippines. Many of these meetings listened in on the Notre Dame radio program broadcasted from W-G-N in Chicago by Father James Burns, C. S. C., president-emeritus of the University, Coach Rockne, Vernon Rickard, '24, Cheerleader Eddie Luther and 20 members of the Glee Club.

Locally, Universal Notre Dame night was officially celebrated by the St. Joseph Valley Alumni Club in the Tribune Auditorium, South Bend. Father Matthew Walsh, C. S. C., president of the University, the chief speaker, dwelt principally on the scholastic and building progress of Notre Dame during the last year. He said that by May 1, at the latest, ground would be broken for the new annex to the gym. This annex is to contain, among other things, a basketball court, accommodations for seating several thousand spectators, a swimming pool, and locker rooms.

Harry Denny's Collegians, "Pat" Manion and his minstrels, and others provided entertainment during the meeting. Later there was dancing and a buffet luncheon.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING

During the first twenty years of its existence, the University of Notre Dame offered only one collegiate course, that of Arts. The Sciences, except as a part of the cultural course, were not then taught at Notre Dame.

In 1865, John Cassidy of Chelsea, Michigan, received the degree of Bachelor of Science. The catalogue of that year offered "The degrees of Bachelor of Science and of Master of Science." This catalogue listed, in the course of studies of science, arithmetic, algebra, trigonometry, calculus, chemistry, mineralogy, English, French, elocution, history, and philosophy. The scientific subjects were taught by Rev. T. L. Vagnier

and Professors McNally, Stace, Ivers, and Bohan.

The next year, the University announced that "Students who do not desire to graduate, may adopt a partial or irregular course, fitting them for Commercial life, for Civil Engineering, etc., or for any pursuit, outside of the Learned Professions, which requires a special training." John O'Hara was professor of Civil Engineering.

In 1873, a two year course for the degree of Civil Engineer was offered. A pre-requisite for this course was all the mathematics of the Scientific course. Professors Stace, Howard, Ivers, and O'Mahony composed the faculty, and taught astronomy, descriptive geometry, drawing, roads and bridges, mechanics, and hydraulics. The first graduate of this course was Cassius Proctor of Elkhart, Indiana. Martin J. McCue, now Dean of the College of Engineering, who had received the degree of B. S. in 1879, was added to the faculty of Civil Engineering the next year.

A four year course in Mechanical Engineering was offered in 1887. For entrance a student was examined in the work of the Commercial Course, and in history, algebra, and geometry. The course of studies was very much like it is now. The four year course in Civil Engineering was established in 1890.

The Four Departments of Electrical, Architectural, Mining, and Chemical Engineering were organized in 1896, 1899, 1908, and 1909 respectively.

In the fifty-two years since its establishment, the College of Engineering has grown from a short course with four professors to a college of 340 students with a faculty of twenty-three instructors in engineering and scientific subjects. Of these Dean McCue, Rev. T. A. Steiner, Professors Ackerman, Maurus, and Caparo and many of the younger instructors are graduates of Notre Dame's engineering schools.

—W. L. FOOHEY, CH. E., '26

"Sally," with Colleen Moore starring, will be shown in Washington Hall, Saturday at eight P. M.



-:- EDITORIAL -:-

THE ENGINEERS' NUMBER

THE SCHOLASTIC has a double purpose in presenting this "Engineers' number" to its readers: to show conclusively that there is versatility of talent among the members of the University engineering schools, and by presenting their work for comparison with that of other schools, to incite greater literary endeavor among those whose college profession, at least, is that of writing. That there is not more work by engineers in this issue is not the fault of the engineers themselves but rather the result of the unusual number of news stories which could not be delayed publication. A number of excellent contributions by engineers will be printed in subsequent issues of the SCHOLASTIC.

And this "Engineers' Number" has a history. Ever since Father O'Hara cast the first verbal brickbat at the lowly engineers, the M. E's and the C. E's and the rest of the "E's" seem to have been on the defensive. There existed within their minds, even while they tramped about the campus with three-legged somethings and stakes and things, the idea that the campus at large believed that they were incapable of anything but engineering work. That the SCHOLASTIC has been privileged to be the medium whereby they might "tell the world" of their versatility is a source of pride to its editors.

The SCHOLASTIC has noted, moreover, with gratification, the progressive nature of

the engineers of this year. Without falling into the error of exaggerating present achievements, it is safe to assert that never before has the engineering club been more active, never before has there been more participation in campus activities by the engineers than there has been this year. And this progress it must be added, has been made in a year made notable by the collapse of most other campus activities.

Of course most credit for all this, as well as for the "Engineers' Number" of the SCHOLASTIC must be given Dan O'Neill. He has been the Moses, destined to lead the lowly engineers into the Promised Land. He is a long-legged, curly-haired Moses to be sure, but still a most efficient and most persistent one.

—J. W. S.

BACKGROUND

WHEN the conversation turns to literature, music, paintings, or to science do we fall back to mere unwilling listeners to a language of foreign ideas? When people mention Shakespeare or Chopin or Whistler or Pasteur are we able to make pointed comment or even listen intelligently? Or do we shrink away, rather, into an intellectual corner and cringe before the knowledge of others? If we do this we lack background.

Background is a general knowledge of the worthwhile things in life. It is that acquaintance with art and science, which assists one to an intelligent expression of

constructive opinion on those subjects which interest the world at large, the knowledge of which makes life an enjoyable adventure.

W. P. S. '27.

JUNIOR IDIOCY

YES, the Juniors have their room reservation for next year.

Yes, the drawing was a real democratic affair. Just to show that no hard and fast lines were drawn, the junior class invited all its freshman and sophomore friends to join the merry scramble and, incidentally, to double or triple the chances of the individual to secure a low number. They all lined up in a most orderly manner, standing from two to eight abreast as fancy dictated. This made it most convenient for the late-comer: all he had to do was to go to the head of the line and step in alongside of a carefully planted friend. As the juniors and their friends went by, each reached his hand into the hat and drew. It was quite immaterial how many numbers he drew: they were free to everyone, generously donated for the occasion.

Yes, everyone had plenty of chances. If, for instance, you did not like any of your first handful of numbers, you could step right back into the head of the column and draw a few more. If you didn't like those, try again. Everybody wants you to have a good time.

Yes, the numbers did run out with a third of those present still lacking any number at all. But what of that? A recess was declared, and the men who had from two to twelve numbers picked one for themselves, distributed a few among their clamoring friends, and dumped the remainder back in the hat once more. Such generosity in the young is always most touching. Of course, the fact that most of the numbers thus returned ranged well over two hundred did not matter: it is not the gift, but the spirit of the giver that counts. Now that the hat was replenished, the jovial class officer mounted a chair and began calling out offers. "Anybody want 176?" Of course somebody did, if his best draw had been

213. "Who wants 225? The little red-haired boy gets it." This showed the genial spirit and free-handed beneficence of everyone concerned.

Yes, they registered the numbers. After most every man had secured a pasteboard with a number printed on it, he hurled himself into one of various mobs about the scribe and shouted his name and number at the officer. Thus was he duly registered as possessing the right to stand two hundred and eightieth in line on reservation day. Perfect trust was displayed on every hand: one needn't show his number, merely shout it.

Yes, Notre Dame democracy is a great thing. You won't find it at any other school, they say.

Yes, the Juniors have their room reservations. That is, some of them have a green pasteboard with a number on it, and the rest have the pleasant consciousness of a half hours exercise with the right kind of friends.

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Retribution

GEORGE LUDWIG, CH. E., '25

DURING my nearly four years at Notre Dame, I have heard several men, in speeches both formal and informal, endorse the idea of greater broadness in engineering education. This article is a plea for some mutual broadness.

Practically every one of these non-technical men prefaced his talk by saying that he knew no mathematics, or had totally despised it in prep school. Where is the coherence in an argument for culture in technical training which at the same time takes a certain amount of pride in confessing a total lack of even elementary technical knowledge? However, this fault is excusable in the men who made the speeches, since they are seeking for fame and most probably belong to the class which Richardson Wright calls the Simple Log Rollers—a class which, for the purpose of advertising, affects a dislike for mathematics or a desire to wear a red cravat with evening dress. In my opinion, the vast majority of non-technical under-graduate students are eligible to membership in the Simple Log Rollers without paying the “usual initiation fee.” Aping men whom they consider famous, they readily admit a lack of practical knowledge. With them, however, this lack is an actuality and not an affectation, and is deplorable. A man may forget whatever he cares to forget for the sake of publicity in later life, but while he is in college he is educating himself in a general way. Just as the engineer needs a certain amount of culture in his make-up, so also the student of letters needs some practical knowledge as ballast.

When, a little over a year ago, the new and somewhat algebraic class absence rule was adopted by the University, the mathematical ignorance of some of the non-technical men was very apparent. That rule had to be translated with drawings and

homely similes by, and for, nearly every member of the Arts and Letters faculty.

It is undoubtedly true that the average engineer may not understand Euler's circles or the exact meaning of a trochee, but what literary student can explain such things as tensile strength, integration, or moment of inertia, the most elemental of engineering terms? One man who is particularly in favor of educating the technical man recently told me that he could not calculate the average of a series of figures, yet that man claims that he can intelligently study economics with its wealth of statistics and data on the average person. What, to him, can this average person represent?

We, who are engineers, are often addressed by literary men, but when does the Scribblers' club, for instance, listen to a talk on a semi-technical subject? I have offered to loan some of my more elementary books to students of books, but have invariably met with the reply that their own field was too vast to permit them to read technical or scientific matter. Yet I was once severely criticized for neglecting an opportunity to look through Cardinal Mercier's “A Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy” in *one evening*.

To me, this effort of the “Literati” at uplifting the engineer is comparable to the story of the mote and the beam. I am certain that an unprejudiced survey of the general knowledge possessed by the men of various colleges would not reflect discredit upon the engineer.

Hereafter, when A. B. and X. E. sit in talk-fest together, let the alidade and roof-truss play just as important a part in the conversation as rhetoric and “The White Monkey.” Thus in a small manner we can repay A. B. for his interest in our literary welfare.

The "Why" of Football

PAUL HARRINGTON, CH. E., '26

"FIFTY-FOUR, thirty-eight, twenty-nine, hike! One, two—" Faint and monotonous, it comes through the wall of the locker room.

"That's all; everybody in"—Raucous, with a note of finality.

"Twenty-seven, forty-nine, eighteen — hike! One, two—" Nearer, crisp, forced.

A growing murmur, the thud of cleated shoes on hard ground, a crash as eager hands thrust open the outer door, the clatter of hard leather on wood, the rasp of canvas brushing against canvas, the gasp and hiss of labored breathing and the easy banter of men released from tension; the tide sweeps into the room and covers the benches. As the stragglers stumble in, some exhausted, some just "tired," some bruised, a few reluctant to leave off "working" or delaying to discuss and practice a difficult play, the shoes of the others are already hitting the floor with a dead "clump." Through it all the doors of the steel lockers clang joyously—or perhaps viciously, while the isolated "bright cracks" are replaced by a hum of general talk. The speech is colored and interlarded by sundry grunts and howls as the only-too-ready hands of friends yank off tight jerseys or rip loose strips of tape from strained members, strips literally covered with hirsutage.

Soaked jerseys are still hitting bench and floor with the "slog" peculiar to wet cloth, but already bare feet pick their way to the shower room, their soft "pad-pad" lost in the general din. From the baths come the swish and splatter and splash of water, the steady drone of the needles of liquid, and the "slosh" of bare feet, while a dense cloud of steam creeps out to mingle with the vapor from the glowing bodies and the piles of sopping, reeking clothing. The steady slapping of the trainer's hands rises and falls as he works on the tough, white, gleaming muscles, a contrast to the ebony of his gleaming skin.

The din has become a roar. Some are hurling disjointed remarks at friends far re-

moved, others are discussing plays, players and trips (that ever-interesting topic), while here and there an energetic youth bursts into song, to be instantly squelched by howls and catcalls. One rich, resonant bass voice, unimpressed by the rabble, rises from the showers like the voice of an oracle, in an able imitation of some snatch of grand opera, overriding the other sounds by virtue of sheer power and unprecedented volume.

By this time a wondrous change has come over the so-late dead, dank, stale air. There is now a smell (one can not call it other) of perspiration and damp earth and soaked cloth and rotting leather, all mingled into an essence which only experience can describe. Then there is the air that's been breathed, the all-pervading steam, the penetrating liniment compounded of alcohol and wintergreen, and strong, exotic Indian spices, while near the trainer's corner medicines vary the scent almost as much as the clean smell of the soap affects the air near the showers.

The bodies flash back and forth to the scales, the muscles tensing and relaxing beneath the velvet-satin skin; muscles as smooth-acting as parts of a fine machine running in oil.

There are short men and light men, tall men and fat men, dark men and thin men, but all *men* in the widest and best sense of that word. Here and there a slight, fair-skinned lad next a hairy giant makes one wonder—till one notes the flash in his blue eye, the set of his chin, the playful jab, quick as light, the amazing spring over a bench, in a word, the glimpse that shows how he won his place beside the bigger, more rugged type of man that predominates. A few livid scars, purple blotches, and dark-stained bandages serve to remind one that the game is, after all, one of personal contact and conflict. The towel man is less in demand now; already he picks his way here and there, nosing among the debris like a good retriever, gathering up the soiled

cloths over which he presides. There is the clash of a locker door and as someone demands a comb, one of the players slips out, adjusting his tie as he goes, his sweater over his arm.

"Five of six!" The shout creates a stir; the whistling and conversation die down and an increasing number bend low over their shoe strings or spread their suits in the lockers in an attempt (usually vain) to have them dry for the morrow. The room is hazy with steam, pungent with the all-in-vading, commingling odors. The lights are flashed out but even the increasing number of those departing roar objection until the few globes again faintly illumine the emp-

tying room. The giant's voice has changed to a softly crooned lullaby and at last ceases to be heard. The water hisses no longer, only the steady drip, drip, drip of the draining pipes is audible. Less and less often the heavy outer door creaks shut until, with a last echoing clash from a locker and the hurried tread of feet on worn boards, it groans for the last time, as though disturbed when in slumber. The sounds of the shoes die away, the haze seems to settle down and envelope everything, the lights are swathed in velvet mantles and a lingering drop of water reluctantly looses its hold on a pipe and drops into the black void beneath it.



MAGIC

I found a thought in moonlight,
 So sweet and clear
 A fairy must have dreamed that night
 As I passed near.
 It rose upon a slender stem
 Of cool, dark green,
 And burst into a beauty men
 Had seldom seen.
 I summoned back the thought next day
 When night had done:
 Why did its beauty turn to grey
 Beneath the sun?

Notre Dame in the Year 2519

ROGER NOLAN, M. E., '26

THE secret is out! My Uncle, the Professor Liverwurst from Dogdome, Kennelville, gave me the singular privilege of peeking through his latest invention, "Ver del Futuro." Eager to learn of the future Notre Dame, I focused the lenses for the year of 2519, obtaining this vision of their catalogue.

"Notre Dame, a Co-ed Catholic University, is located on the Isle of Learnology, forty miles out from the Sand Dunes of Lake Michigan. The campus, comprising thirty-thousand acres is connected to the state of Chicago by the "Radio Shoot" and the "Under-Water Subway" furnishing fifteen minute service in transportation between these points.

"The buildings on the campus are of American design, built symmetrically of bases one block square and of height ten stories, constructed of blue marble with cornices and eaves of gold. Forty of such structures adorn the grounds, being used as classrooms, residence halls and gymnasiums, and are all connected by a systematic air line which enables professors and students to reach recitation rooms in two minutes time. At the rear of the main quadrangle in a spacious dug-out lies the Athletic Field, capable of seating five hundred thousand spectators.

"The male students, all of whom weigh around six hundred pounds, in perfect condition, possessing a height of twelve feet,

partake in athletics. The old game of football being discarded to the feminine sex the men now play "Bump It." This game is played between two teams of thirty each, the rules requiring that all contestants run on their hands, batting the steel ball of thirty inch diameter by use of their heads only. The distance between goals is five-hundred yards and the game is played in halves of two hours each. At the end of the playing period the teams stand in the middle of the field, the winners being decided by acclamation from the spectators—the total crowd of which varies up to five hundred thousand.

"The annual ball, for all students, takes place on May first and is called the "Checker Move." It is so named because of its similarity to the twentieth century game of checkers. The floor is marked off in squares of two feet in which couples are required to dance until a certain note is played by the orchestra, then all try to move for the king-row. The first couple winding its way to this square is declared the prize winner; the usual prize for this feat is a new Twenty-two Lightning-Motive Ship.

"The present enrollment is four-hundred thousand; all non-Kluxers are invited and urged to take their higher studies in this institution. Boys under eleven feet in height and the age of sixty-two will not be permitted to enroll unless passed by an entrance examination."

CONTENTMENT

If there's a tree by the road and the sea beyond,
 And a little brook with its rippling song,
 Why should I care though I go afoot
 And my way be long?

C. E., '27

The Conquest of the Desert

MARTIN B. DALY, E. E., '26

THE desert wind had ceased for a moment its endless game of tag with the dunes. Not that the desert was tired, but the wind needed the rest. The desert was as busy as ever but, since the wind was not there, it had only the sun to play with. For want of something else to do, the sands were content with throwing back the sun's rays as far as they could. But this game was not very interesting as the sun didn't seem to be weakened any by the return and the desert loves to wreck, harm, or build up its playfellows.

Now if only some men would come! They were such easy marks. And yet they never seemed to learn. They always came back if they did pull through the first time, and eventually the desert always beat them.

As if in answer to the desert's wish, a party of men appeared at this moment at the edge of the sands. They were not the usual run of desert men and so they should provide good sport. These tenderfeet were the best to play with anyways. These carried a lot of baggage and some queer instruments. Little, shiny things with three legs were these curiosities and they seemed to keep the men very busy for every so often they must stop and work them before the train could move on its way. Well, the desert was very old and had seen many men come and go and many of them had carried queerer things than these without doing any harm; so the desert was not worried.

For three days the desert toyed with its new playthings, surveyors, they called themselves, and waited for its chance to destroy. The men cursed the heat and anything else they could think of. Their progress was slow and their work must be done as soon as possible or there would be a recall from the men who had sent them. And on the fourth day they were treated to a taste of desert playfulness. The wily old fellow had waited until they were far out on his surface and then conjured up a storm of equal parts of wind, dust and flying sand that would discourage the most hardy and

daring of these men. It was a ruse that often buried the enemies of the desert, and those it did spare were glad to hurry away with their lives. But this party was prepared for such storms and so the desert was forced to try other ways.

The men had been threading the desert's bosom for three weeks now and were still unconquered. The desert was getting worried. Were these a different breed that they could so easily overcome the storm, the heat, the dried-up water-hole, and all the other pranks of the old veteran desert? It had tried them all one after another but all their former efficaciousness seemed to be lost. These men were bothered very little by the best stock of trials the desert had to offer. But, just as this worry was beginning to become acute, the men left. The desert settled back with a sigh of relief and thought of all the things it would have done to them had they been foolhardy enough to stay. But, it was glad they had gone for, like most bullies, the desert hated a hard fight such as these men had shown.

A few more weeks passed and the surveyors were almost forgotten for they were now of that immense past of the desert which takes little heed of time. Another group of men had come and they brought even stranger tools than the surveyors. They were easier prey for a good old-fashioned storm would send half of them scurrying away to fairer lands. But there seemed to be a great number of them for new ones always came to replace the old. How was the desert to know that these were the men of an irrigation company, following the surveyors? It saw no harm or menace in the long ditch they were building on its breast. It filled up that ditch every time they turned their backs but that was merely to make them dig it out again. When they put in the concrete, it was harder to fill in that long furrow but it was still possible and so there was no real cause for worry. Just give out the regular doses of sand and heat and there was the fun of watching the

weaklings fade and fall and the strong falter by the way.

And now the fun was over. These strange beings had finally reached their end for they no longer came to work and sweat for the desert's amusement. Well, they had left their ditch and that was something, for it was good play to fill it up. Of course it wouldn't take long but there would be other things to do when that was done.

On the second day, however, the desert got the worst shock it had ever received in its thousands of years of existence! The seemingly harmless ditch had been seized over night by the desert's arch enemy, Water! Water that brimmed over the path that man had built and carried its attack to the heart of that arid stretch of land! Water that laughed and chuckled, in the ditch and over it onto the desert floor, as it saw the dismay of its old enemy! The desert gasped in agony as it realized the trick that those men had played. But it was awake now and knew its danger. It hurried to its old playfellow the North Wind and begged of him his best storm to throw at the hated enemy. It called on the sun for aid and even went so far as to use water itself by trying a few floods. Never before had these weapons failed and so the desert was not discouraged at first. But when it

had tried all its attacks and they had all failed, it knew that the fight was lost. It battled gamely but it was a losing fight from the first. For three months the war raged but the desert could not keep up the uneven strife at such odds and gradually exhausted itself in the attempt.

When the men again appeared, the battle was about over. All along the ditch the desert was gone. Green showed where before there had never been aught but brown or grey. The desert was in full retreat and they were looking on a dying warrior.

"What a difference a little water makes," remarked one of the civil engineers who had planned the work. But the desert only groaned and dropped back another step for it knew that those words would spell its only epitaph.

A few years later and the desert is no more. Where it once played its pranks, there is a beautiful fertile valley and the only mention of the fighters engaged in that battle is to be found in the occasional remark, "What a difference a little water makes." The desert and the men who conquered it are alike in that they are both nearly forgotten. But such is the fate of the pioneer engineer, for the memory of man is short and there are so many new things to think of.

ROADS OF ADVENTURE

Roads of Adventure! wandering on,
 Over the hills to the sea
 (Pale in the night mist; ruddy at dawn),
 What will you promise to me?

R. H., C. E., '27

BOOK LEAVES

JOSEPH P. BURKE, '25

Editor this Issue:

THOMAS A. LOFTUS, CH. E., '25

"There is too much joy in life, too much that is clearly good and beautiful, and too strong an instinct in man of its mystic import, for him long to endure the books that merely disillusion and defile."—Richard Le Galliene, "How to get the Best Out of Books."

* * * * *

"Superlatives" by Grant C. Knight contains sketches of some outstanding characters in English and American fiction. The purpose of the author is to "interest undergraduates in books commonly referred to as good." Permit me to recommend this book with the accompanying bibliography to any one whose interest in good books needs encouragement.

* * * * *

Daniel Corkey dedicates his "Hounds of Banba" to the young men of Ireland. Its haunting phrases recall the same author's "The Threshold of Quiet," a novel of Munster.

* * * * *

The first three quarters of Hamilton Gibbs' "Soundings" is admirably done—a good story well-written, alive, young. The ending is weak and stupid.

* * * * *

"Talking Well" by W. L. Harrington and M. G. Fulton is a brief book in which the principles of conversation are outlined in the form of direct practical lessons. A book on this neglected art should be of particular interest to those of us who have not had an opportunity to take a course in Public Speaking.

* * * * *

Michael Williams' "High Romance" is a joy forever. We are delighted to see Mr. Williams making so great a success of the "Commonweal." The first Commonweal Pamphlet, Carlton J. Hays' "Obligations to America" may be had for ten cents. This is the clearest and most significant summary of the debt of America to the spiritual forces, the philosophy, and the social ideas of Catholicism, ever presented.

* * * * *

Nellie Revell's "Right Off the Chest" is the clever creation of a courageous newspaper woman who, though paralyzed, will not give in to morbidity.

"Essays by Present-Day Writers," edited by Raymond Woodbury Pense, is a collection of essays from the published works of living authors gathered from both sides of the Atlantic. It shows the present tendency toward an informal, familiar manner of treating even somewhat serious matter. The lighter essays are particularly entertaining in their treatment of intimate experiences and homely situations. We are immediately interested in "Holding a Baby" by Heywood Broun, "A Little Debit in Your Tonneau" by Robert C. Benchley, or "Concerning Revolving Doors" by Oliver Herford. The subterfuges to which men resort in escaping domestic duties, the guest who outfumbles you at the gas station, and the problem of gracefully escorting a lady through a revolving door are certain to appeal when so interestingly described.

* * * * *

The collection, "Contemporary Poetry" of Marguerite Wilkinson, is a volume of selections from the poetry published from 1850-1915 that is certain to interest. Outstanding poems in it are, "Lepanto" by G. K. Chesterton, "Trees," by Joyce Kilmer, "The Hound Of Heaven" by Francis Thompson, "Da Leetla Boy" by Thomas Daly, "Fog" by Carl Sandburg, "Stars" by Sara Teasdale, "The Horse Thief" by W. R. Benet, "Autumn Chant" by Edna St. Vincent Millay, "The Highwayman" by Alfred Noyes, "Stein Song" by Richard Hovey, and many others. On the whole it is a book that well deserves rank with the same compiler's "New Voices."

* * * * *

"Adventures in Essay Reading" is a group of essays selected by the Department of Rhetoric and Journalism of the University of Michigan for the "purpose of proving to college students the readableness of the essay as a literary form." "American Manners" by Wu Tingfang, "Life at Oxford" by John Corbin, "What is College For?" by Woodrow Wilson, and "Idols" by Charles Mill Gayley have a particular appeal to us as Americans and as college students.

* * * * *

"Plumes" by Laurence Stallings is the story of the struggles of a wounded soldier upon his return to civilian life and the mental and physical tortures resulting from his wounds. It presents vividly and in a matter of fact way a side of war that is too often overlooked amid the glamour that is raised around the beast. It is presented with a minimum of bitterness.

A Liberal Education for Engineers

ARTHUR MITIGUY, CH. E., '27

VERSATILITY is a word that seems to have been restricted, at the present time, to advertisements of vaudeville actors "who will appear at this theatre soon." In the drama of life, however, in education one could very profitably be a versatile actor; and it is toward this objective of versatility that the engineer should strive.

Formerly a college graduate was looked upon as a man who was conversant with many fields but more especially with the arts and humanities; he was a student of the humanities, a cultured person who could appear advantageously in the best society. But with the growth of our industries, technical education has entered our colleges so that to-day the student of the humanities rubs elbows with the student of industries, the engineer.

With the entrance of technical education has come, gradually but emphatically, a neglect of the cultural subjects with the result that the graduate engineer of to-day is considered a master craftsman and not a professional man. He is nothing more than a technician who chooses to acquire knowledge of his profession through a college education rather than through apprenticeship in industry. He even studies his mother tongue from the technical rather than from the cultural point of view. His education has become a sordid conglomeration of technicalities with the beautiful cast aside.

Statistics show that ten years after graduation practically fifty percent of the engineers are not practicing engineering but have taken up executive positions in the industries. Would they not be better able to cope with their business difficulties if they had a knowledge of those phases of economics and of sociology relevant to their field? They are using their technical training merely as a background, and if they received little or anything else, other than technical subjects while in college, it is only reasonable to believe that for the present need they have nothing more than a back-

ground. What is the difficulty? Does it lie in the man himself or in the system of education, or in both? It is in both.

At the present time, colleges are graduating two general types of engineers. The first is the highly trained technician, a man well versed in the scientific and mathematical side of the profession. He has the instincts of the research man and follows engineering in every sense of the word. Then, there is the second type, the man with a broad, general knowledge of engineering, which he uses as a background. He goes to the executive positions after a few years. He must have an ability to govern men, a knowledge of the economic principles of the engineering industry, and an understanding of the psychology of the working man. However, four years of college training is inadequate to give this man a sound, technical training and likewise acquaint him with the cultural subjects. The remedy offered is that of a pre-engineering year, a plan which has its shortcomings but the benefits derived from it would completely outweigh any objections that might be raised.

This pre-engineering year would be devoted almost entirely to a review of mathematics and a study of the cultural subjects—English, economics, history, and a foreign language. The chemical engineer should have, in addition, a knowledge of hygiene because since his work often demands the designing of a chemical plant a mistake due to ignorance of the effects of chemicals upon human beings might cause the loss of lives. A course in logic would also be of the greatest benefit to the engineer, although he does have plenty of mathematics, for if there is one quality that he should possess, it is the ability to think straight. In addition a pre-engineering year would give the student and his instructors ample time to decide whether the former is fitted for engineering. Finding the right vocation is a serious matter, and it is economical to discover early for which field a young man is best fitted.

In colleges a pre-engineering year has not,

however, been made compulsory as yet; so the burden, or rather the pleasure, of obtaining a cultural background is left entirely to the student. Happily with a little effort he can cultivate a liking for good books and avoid the possibility of a one-track mind.

He can change of his own volition from a mere technician to a versatile professional man and thereby more faithfully fulfill the primary purpose of education, to make this world a better place to live in.



THE WAR DANCE

Dark clouds hanging over hills in the west,
The great bald eagle winging swiftly to his nest.
Jagged lightning flashing in the crags of the north,
And the rumbling, grumbling thunder calls the red hordes
forth.

Hear the measured booming of the giant drum,
And the fierce war cry of the savages that come.
Tom-toms booming near and far,
Praise to the god of war.
Boom-boom, hi-ya,
Thum-thum, hi-ya.

Wailing winds rushing over hill and dale,
The dance grows wilder with the thunder of the gale.
Leaping forms flashing in the light of the blaze,
Captives seen dimly through the curling haze.
Suffering souls shrieking as the flame burns near,
The grim chief watching, with a cruel leer.
Tom-toms booming near and far,
Praise to the god of war.
Boom-boom, hi-ya,
Thum-thum, hi-ya.

NORMAN STEYSKAL, C. E., '27

-:- SPORTS -:-

SOUTHERN BASEBALL TRIP

Kentucky Normal		Notre Dame (Rain)	
Georgia Tech	4	Notre Dame 1. (R.)	
Georgia Tech	6	Notre Dame	1
Camp Benning	3	Notre Dame	2
Furman University	3	Notre Dame	10
Furman University	14	Notre Dame	10
Georgia University	0	Notre Dame	15
Georgia University	2	Notre Dame	1
Mercer University	13	Notre Dame	3
Mercer University	13	Notre Dame	9
Total	58	Total	52

Six defeats in eight full games were chalked up against the Notre Dame baseball team on its annual spring training trip through the southern states. Notre Dame won from Furman university, 10 to 3, and lost to the same team the following day. The local nine also won from Georgia university, 15 to 0, and was beaten 2 to 1, in 13 innings on the following day.

The first two games, Western Kentucky Normal and Georgia Tech were held up by rain. The game with the Tech aggregation traveled as far as the second inning with the Golden Tornado leading 4 to 1. Inclement weather was not enough to check the activities of the club seeking diamond perfection. Besten was relayed to a hospital with an injured thigh muscle and Murray, utility short stop, strained an ankle muscle on the hard clay ground, the soil that robbed Notre Dame of two stars on last year's trip.

GEORGIA TECH

The first full-time game was played with Georgia Tech on the second day in Atlanta. The Yellow Jackets took the encounter, 6 to 1, when Notre Dame's offensive strength

wavered in the pinches. With men on base, the Irish were unable to break through the pitching and fielding of the crack southern club. Ronay and Dawes worked the mound for Notre Dame. Tech hit hard and often and Notre Dame's infield wobbled slightly. Dunne and Silver both chalked up two-base hits.

CAMP BENNING

Coach Keogan took the Irish nine over to Camp Benning where the West Point military school conducts a training camp. The Irish were greeted by 8000 spectators and rewarded with the short end of a 3 to 2 score. Dwyer on the mound for Notre Dame allowed nine hits. His hurling appeared to be the best he has yet given. Eddie Welsh worked behind the plate.

McNutt twirling for the Army nine allowed but five hits and Notre Dame again failed to scratch the ball when runners nestled on the bases. Camp Benning plays at Notre Dame on May 28.

FURMAN UNIVERSITY

Steve Ronay took the mound for Notre Dame against Furman university at Greenville, S. C., and with superb support to add to his masterful hurling, Notre Dame won its first southern game. Furman held victories over Georgia and Mercer and was regarded as one of the elite of southern ball clubs. The Keoganites experienced a complete reversal of form and the Irish batters hammered the opposition hard, Farrell driving out a four ply hit in the third frame. Notre Dame collected nine hits, Dunne, Crowley and Silver swinging for two each. Crowley hit a three bagger.

Furman university hauled out a new and classy pitcher to oppose Notre Dame in the

second game of the series and he brought home a 14 to 10 victory for the southern school. Notre Dame hit the opposition hard, but did not collect enough runs to win the game.

Furman amassed eight runs in the fourth inning from Williams, Notre Dame's candidate hurler. Base hits and runs flew in all directions all afternoon, the Keoganites registering four runs in the opening frame. The sun is reported to have bothered outfielders on fly balls that eventually dropped for two and three base hits. Williams was relieved by Dawes and Silver stayed the game behind the bat.

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

On Wednesday afternoon, April 15, Notre Dame played a lone hand in a hectic batting spree, winning over the University of Georgia, 15 to 0. Dwyer on the hill for the Irish almost had a no-hit, no-run game, except for a bad bounding ball that glanced off of Prendergast's glove. This incident however did not detract from the infield combination of Pearson and Prendergast, four double plays being credited to these two men at second and short.

Capt. Nolan came to the front with 3 triples that augmented his batting record considerably. Dunne, Silver, Crowley, and O'Boyle each took two-base wallops. The fire of battle was burning in the Notre Dame ranks and there was a motion on the table to clean up in the major leagues just to vary the monotony of playing Southern college teams.

A new tale was told on the following day, however, when Notre Dame chased Georgia for 13 innings to lose to the Southern nine 2 to 1. It was a discomfiting aftermath to the hectic affair of the previous day.

Besten appeared on the mound for his first full game and pitched admirable ball, allowing Georgia four hits in the 13 innings. The game seemed destined to go on forever, until Middlebrooks of Georgia hit a staggering grounder to Crowley in the thirteenth frame, and the Irish third baseman, thrown off balance, made a bad peg to Nolan at first. Ground rules declared the ball to be

in play at all times, and while the leather was rolling down through the delicious peach orchards, Middlebrooks ambled around the base lines for the deciding counter.

Notre Dame collected 10 hits, but again failed to put sufficient runs across the plate. Besten, the hero of the affair, counted the only run for his team when he drove the pellet over the right field fence in the third inning. Besten only struck out two men, but the Irish support was steady and Nolan was credited with 21 put-outs.

MERCER UNIVERSITY

Notre Dame pulled up stakes for Macon, Ga., where the Irish were scheduled to complete the trip with a two game series against Mercer university. The first tilt was Mercer's by a 13 to 3 count. Dawes and Ronay tried their skill on the mound for Notre Dame with Welsh behind the bat. The Irish catcher gave Notre Dame its three counters by hitting a triple with the bases full. It was almost Welsh day in Macon, and the crowd gave Eddie a great ovation, in honor of his father who started playing professional baseball with Macon thirty years ago. Welsh had a fine day behind the bat and hit a triple and a single to make it complete while at the plate.

Notre Dame made its last appearance in the South on the following day, losing again to Mercer, 13 to 9. A volume of errors, nine in number, eight of which were charged to pitcher Dawes, rather put a crimp in the Irish style.

Both sides performed heavily with the stick, Nolan and Crowley hitting homers while Prendergast hit a triple. Notre Dame collected 15 hits to Mercer's 10, but the infield was swaying before the onslaught of the Bears, and despite the work of Dawes and the perfect fielding of Nolan at first, Mercer drove through the defense time after time. Jim Dwyer opened for Notre Dame and was relieved by Dawes.

The result of the trip seems to indicate that Notre Dame has a hitting club, but is weak on the defense.

JIM CROWLEY TO COACH GEORGIAN BACKFIELD

James "Sleepy Jim" Crowley, Notre Dame's All-American half back in 1924 and famous member of the "Four Horsemen" backfield, has accepted a position as backfield coach at the University of Georgia. He succeeds Frank Thomas, Notre Dame quarter-back of 1920-21-22. Harry Mehre, Notre Dame center of 1919-20-21 is line coach at the same school.

LAST APPEARANCE OF 1924 NATIONAL CHAMPIONS

The annual spring football game marking the end of the spring training season will be played on Cartier field, May 2. The lineups will see the veterans of 1924 competing against the rookies seeking berths on the 1925 aggregation. Coach Rockne promises to have the "Four Horsemen" and the "Mules" in action again.

SPRING FOOTBALL RESUMED

By Joseph Quinlan, E. E., '26

The last lap of the 1925 spring football season got under way Wednesday afternoon, when Capt.-elect Clem Crowe directed the workouts of the candidates on Cartier field. After a brief lay-off due to the Easter vacation, the aspirants seem fit and eager to complete the several weeks training which still remains before the annual spring game. This game will see the Championship eleven of 1924 in action against the new men who are endeavoring to fill the shoes of the "Four Horsemen and the Seven Mules" lost to the University through graduation. Although Coach Rockne has declined to make any prediction relative to his hopes for another championship eleven, the hope is held by the Irish students and fans, that the spring training now in session, will bring to light many new stars who will next fall shed their brilliance on fields at home and abroad.

DIENHART, BASKETBALL CAPTAIN, LEAVES NOTRE DAME

Joseph Dienhart, of Lafayette, Ind., captain-elect of the 1926 basketball team, and substitute guard of the 1924 football eleven, has left school to take up employment in his home town. Dienhart's absence from Notre Dame during this quarter will make him ineligible to compete with the basketball team next year.

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THE OHIO RELAYS

By Joseph Quinlan, E. E., '26

Notre Dame's track team, which engaged in daily workouts on Cartier Field during the Easter vacation, was divided into two squads during the latter part of last week. One squad, which included a mile relay team and a sprint team, and accompanied by Coach Rockne who served as referee, was sent to Lawrence, Kansas, to compete in the Kansas relays. The other squad with Tom Lieb in charge included a mile relay team, a medley team and a sprint relay team, and was sent to Columbus, Ohio, to participate in the Ohio relays. Frank Milbauer was also sent with this squad being entered in the shotput event, and Paul Harrington in the pole vault event. The sprint relay team and the medley team, each copped a second place at the Ohio relays, while Milbauer was third in the shotput, and Harrington got a tie for first place in the pole vault.

A great deal of interest is being attached to the Drake and Penn relays which are on tap for Saturday, April 25. These two meets are undoubtedly the bright spots of the outdoor track season, and the greatest cinder path artists and field stars of the country will compete. Coach Rockne has announced that practically his entire team will be entered in the Drake relays at Des Moines, Iowa. Capt. Barr and Elmer Layden are doped to give a good account of themselves against such stiff competition as Roland Locke of Nebraska, who last week at the Kansas relays, tied the world's 100-yard dash record. It is probable that Paul Harrington, who last week tied for first place at the Ohio relays, will be sent to the Penn relays. There is a tradition among the Irish track stars that the man who is sent to Penn always wins a first in his event. Lieb, Shaw, Desch, Murphy, and Oberst have been among the prominent track stars in the past, who have entered the meet at Philadelphia and won national honors. It is hoped that Harrington will continue this series of wins; if he is in top form, it is certain that he will give the Irish track fans and his star competitors something to remember.

TENNIS SCHEDULE

The Notre Dame tennis team opened its schedule at Notre Dame Friday with a match with the Loyola University team of Chicago. The Irish tennis team for the 1925 season faces the best net card drawn up in the history of the school.

Captain Frank Donovan has arranged matches with Penn State and Carnegie Tech, Indiana, Detroit and the Chicago Y. M. C. A. Donovan is the special luminary of the team by virtue of his past record. He was formerly holder of the Western Indoor title, and won the Indiana state meet last year. In the 1924 western conference matches, Donovan went to the semi-finals losing to Wilson of Chicago, winner of the tournament.

This year's Notre Dame team will be composed of several men who were with the net squad last year. The winners of the annu-

al university tournament will also be available for competition, the tournament to start next week.

The schedule follows:

- April 24—Loyola university at Notre Dame
- April 27—Indiana university at Bloomington.
- May 5—Penn State at State college.
- May 6—Carnegie Tech at Pittsburgh.
- May 8—University of Detroit at Detroit.
- May 22—Western conference matches.
- May 25—Chicago Y. M. C. A. at Chicago.

JAMES J. CORBETT GIVES LECTURE

"He can who thinks he can," was the maxim stressed by James J. Corbett, ex-heavyweight champion of the world, in a lecture entitled: "Memories of an Active Life and How to Keep Young," given last Tuesday night in the Gymnasium. For the sturdy old ring warrior who conquered "the Grand Old Man of the ring," John L.

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Sullivan, it was but another triumph of the squared platform.

Without such scars of his profession as a cauliflower ear or even a disfigured nose, and minus the conventional ring attire, but clad in formal dress and boasting of a tonsorial adornment conspicuous for its absence of baldness, he related numerous reminiscences of his pugilistic career, imparting counsel at times, though always interestingly, to a crowd, the size of which must have reminded the speaker of the days when he was but a preliminary boxer.

Introduced to his audience by Tom Lieb, assistant football coach of the University,

Mr. Corbett, who is now an author, speaker and actor, began his lecture with an account of his experiences as a boy of 12 in San Francisco. He then described his entry into the boxing ranks telling how at the age of 16 he became a member of the Olympic Athletic club and was thus enabled to practice in its gymnasium.

From this point in his narrative, he told of his ring experiences; of his first professional fight with Choynski; of the hazards attending his success at this time; of his victories over Kilrain and other fighters before he met Pete Jackson, the negro whom Sullivan had refused to meet. Of the bout



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with the negro, he referred to the 61 rounds which consumed four hours of strife; and how he finally defeated the 204-pound dusky scrapper, though weighing only 168.

His plans following this contest, he said, were to meet Sullivan in the ring without challenging him. Finally, the latter agreed to meet Corbett for a purse of \$25,000 on conditions that a \$10,000 bet be made on the side, the winner to take all. For months before the fight, said the speaker, he planned for the battle with the mighty John L., finally employing what he termed psychological tactics to take the coveted title. Warm tribute was paid to the man whom he had vanquished—a slugger who could hit harder than can even Dempsey.

Following a recountal of ring reminiscences, some of which were humorous, with a bit of pathos injected into the narrative; he imparted some brief counsel in regard to good health to those who would be physically fit. Many "secrets of age," as he termed them, were revealed, though many of the older members of his audience waited in vain for the receipt of his favorite hair tonic.

Casual mention was made by "Scientific Jim" that his tactics as a pugilist and the tactics of the 1924 Notre Dame grid team had many characteristics in common: speed and science backed up by indomitable courage. As an evidence of this statement, he cited his weight as 178 pounds and that of John L. Sullivan



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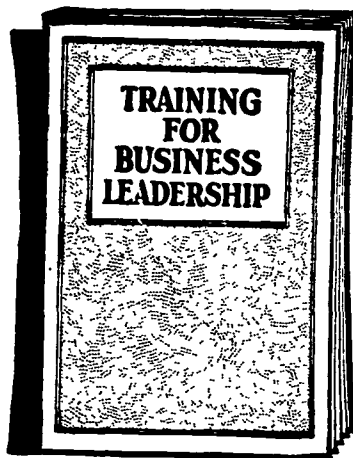
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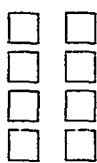
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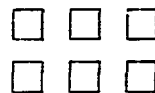
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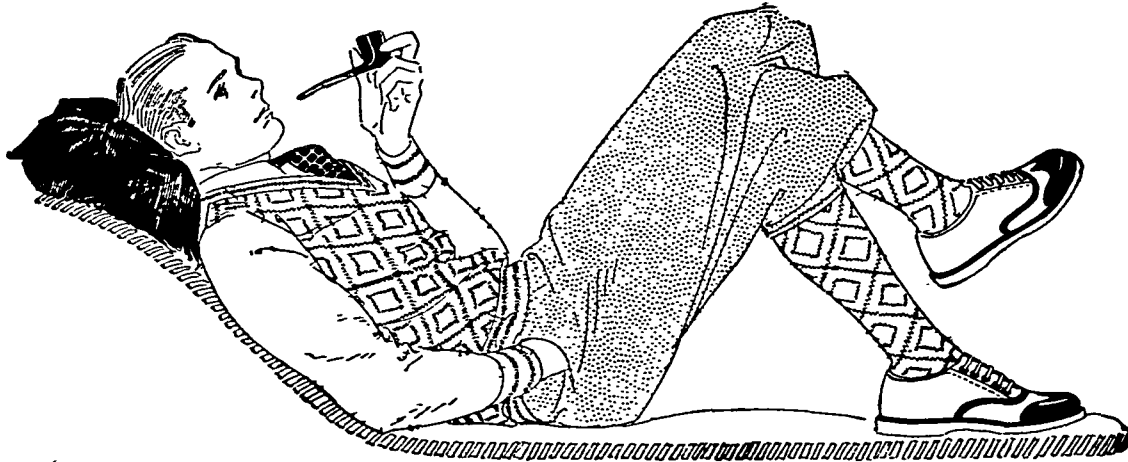


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